


A SATURDAY WITH

SIR WATKIN W. WINN'S

HOUNDS



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*Kellogg Robinson*

THE SEASON, 1883-4.

A SATURDAY

WITH

Sir Watkin W. Wynn's

HOUNDS,

At Whitchurch Station.

WORDS BY "ASH WOOD."

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R. B. JONES, PRINTER, WHITCHURCH.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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# The Season, 1883=4.

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## A Saturday with Sir Watkin W. Wynn's Hounds

(AT WHITCHURCH STATION).

You are welcome to boast of the Pytchley and Quorn,

All praise to the Cheshire redound,

But long life to Sir Watkin, the strains of whose horn

Bring a welcome where e'er they resound.

Let the churl and the grumbler for once cast aside,

All sorrow and care, and be gay,

While each bosom is swelling with true British pride,

For we hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.

Then haste to the meet, 'tis a pleasure to greet,

Such a brilliant and sparkling array.

Miss Wynn, on the back of a handsome brown mare,

Looks cheerful and bright as the morn ;

Lady Paget's fine grey, well carries his fare

In the van, when away they have gone.

From Ireland, where Parnell the sport hath destroyed,

Lady Waterford, here, finds her way ;

Mrs. Bunbury, too, Misses Hesketh, and Lloyd,

All hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.

Then haste, &c.

Colonel Lloyd, oh so silent, goes pounding away  
 When the hounds are running their best,  
*Rivers* Bulkeley goes cramming, and *brooks* no delay  
 Whilst Godsall brims over with jest.  
 Lord Combermere, too, on a neat hog-maned mare,  
 Now rides like a demon, they say,  
 And Sandford, whose coverts are never known bare,  
 All hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

There's Paley and Bunbury, both eager to go,  
 And Rasbotham, still as a mouse ;  
 The Marquis of Waterford, I'd have you all know,  
 Moves his hunter as well as " The House."  
 There's Bibby and Phillips, from Shrewsbury side,  
 Clement Hill, too, who never says nay,  
 To a rasper, that happens to come in his stride,  
 And all hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

John Jones, from Moss Fields, and also his wife,  
 And Ethelston, owning Peel's Gorse ;  
 There's Sandbach, for sport just as keen as a knife,  
 And Poole on a good looking horse.  
 Lord Hopetoun and sisters go well to the fore,  
 Whilst Parker prefers the highway.  
 I see Whitmore and wife, Parsons, Darby, and Gore,  
 And all hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

Misses Bibby and Lonsdale, Mrs. Drake and the Squire,  
 And Brandreth forsaking his flock ;  
 May Sir Watkin's young heir, of hunting ne'er tire,  
 A true chip of the finest old block.  
 Miss Ethelston, too, I must not omit,  
 A fondness for sport doth betray ;  
 Captains Beatty and Fife are both looking fit,  
 And hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

Heywood-Lonsdale preferring a seat on a horse,  
 To a seat in " The House," by the bye,  
 And Kenyon, from Macefen, renowned for its gorse,  
 And Royds from the Cottage close by.  
 Rocksavage drives up, at a deuce of a pace,  
 Having lost little time on the way,  
 Sir Edward Hanmer turns up, with a bright smiling face,  
 To hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

Richard Biddulph and daughters, and Thompson, and  
 Cotes,  
 And a stranger or two on smart " tits,"  
 There's Blew for *The Field*, engaged taking notes,  
 And Walley renowned for his bits.  
 I see Williams, from Edgeley, and Cotton, from Ash,  
 And Dickson who comes a long way,  
 Messieurs Corbet and Son, drive up with a dash,  
 To hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

Baron Schröder is there, "got up" with great care,  
 Captain Lloyd looking natty and trim,  
 I see Harrison there, on his clever brown mare,  
 And Vernon, Tom Johnson, and Gwynn,  
 There's pleasant Jack Lloyd, leaves his patients behind,  
 May heaven preserve them, I pray,  
 And Swann far too leggy for birds of that kind,  
 All hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.

Then haste, &c.

Archie Peel, on a long tail, that gallops, you bet,  
 And Davies on one fresh and raw,  
 There's Brocklehurst smiling, with teeth firmly set,  
 And two Etches who follow the law.  
 Captains Mitford and Spicer are present, on leave,  
 And Swetenham sings on his way,  
 "*Brief* life is my portion," away then with grief,  
 For we hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.

Then haste, &c.

Charles Somerset, known by the soubriquet "*Char*,"  
 And Tollemache, by friends known as "*Tolly*,"  
 Price Angus and Sparrow, who come from afar,  
 Don't deem that to hunt is a folly,  
 Barrow Jones, looking pale, and Radcliffes galore,  
 And Mousley who takes a bye day,  
 I see Gresty who charges two guineas or more  
 For a mount with Sir Watkin to-day.

Then haste, &c.

Lord Paget who boasts an extremely neat boot,  
 And Bateman who ne'er makes a noise,  
 Tinley Barton who wears a peculiar suit,  
 And Hassall, the keenest of boys.  
 From Wem Sir Charles Frederick, and tall Captain Harry,  
 With his daughter, who rides a nice bay ;  
 Owen Williams, and Menzies, at home do not tarry,  
 But all hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

Captain Cowen drawn here, as a light draws a moth,  
 And Watson for timber goes " nap,"  
 I see Bridgeman and Puleston, both don the black cloth,  
 Whilst Burton prefers the old cap.  
 Miss Lovett, come down, by the Cambrian train,  
 And Whitfield, who farms Sandford way,  
 Brocklebank on a bay, of Zoedone strain,  
 All hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

Barbour, and Brassey, and Ormerod are there,  
 And a Laird, too, of highest degree,  
 Roscoe, from Broughall, on a dappled-grey mare,  
 Lady Rock, who goes straight as a bee.  
 Albert Hornby ne'er *bowled* (of that I'll go *bail*),  
 For a nag who can gallop and stay,  
 And Percy "gangs forrard," like a yacht with wet sail,  
 And all hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste, &c.

Two Howards, from Broughton, and Owen, from Wales,  
 Gordon-Haughton's from Staffordshire side,  
 Tayleur has come over, from Drayton-in-Hales,  
 And Barnes, the V.S., has a ride.

Mainwaring, of Oteley, a would-be M.P.,  
 But "On, Stanley on," barred the way ;  
 Mostyn, Eyton, and others, new comers to me,  
 All hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.

Then haste, &c.

That must be Lord Cole, that I heard him I swear,  
 Murmur gently, " Ah ! how do ye do ;"  
 Dumville Lees has left off the pursuit of the hare,  
 And Ward, who stands just six feet two.  
 Chambres, Starkey, Stott-Milne, and Mrs. H. Lees,  
 Misses Howard, who each ride a grey,  
 Doctor Jordison's out, on the best of his " gees,"  
 And all hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.

Then haste, &c.

But whom have we here, to the meet coming down,  
 That " seat " seems familiar to me ;  
 And so does the hat, and tops of nut brown,  
 Why, bless me, it surely can't be !  
 It is though, by Jove ! for, to life come again,  
 And as welcome as flowers in May,  
 The form that I gaze on, belongs to Charles Payne,  
 Who cannot keep out of the fray.

Then haste, &c.

But of those out "on wheels," I really can't pass,  
 A lady well-known far and wide,  
 Who always selects some nice looking lass  
 To take the small seat by her side.  
 Mrs. Hill I refer to, you may try, but in vain,  
 To find me a man out to-day  
 With a knowledge so great of each dirty bye lane,  
 The "short cuts," and each bridle way.  
 Then haste, &c.

To complete the gay throng, there is yet one more name,  
 The last, but not least, in my song,  
 A name well engraved in the annals of fame,  
 Whose praise is on every tongue ;  
 SIR WATKIN I mean, and I know I'm not wrong,  
 When I say that we all of us pray,  
 Rejoicing in health, may we see him ere long,  
 Resume, once again, his old sway.  
 Then haste, &c.

All things have an end, and so has my song,  
 And if it amusement doth yield,  
 Then I am well paid, but if it's too long,  
 Lay the blame on the size of the "field."  
 But Goodall and hounds are now ready to start,  
 So throw your cigar end away,  
 And button your coat, and thank, from your heart,  
 That you hunt with Sir Watkin to-day.  
 Then haste to the meet, 'tis a pleasure to greet,  
 Such a brilliant and sparkling array.



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